

Good Morning 728

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Shop Talk By Derek Heberton



A happy picture of L.-Sig. Leslie Austin, of Safari, with his wife and mother outside the Palace after receiving the D.S.M.

IN March, 1942, the people of Staines held a Warship Week, the result of which was sufficient money to purchase a submarine.

Men of Staines own submarine, H. M. Submarine Unshaken, recently visited the town, and arrived at a most appropriate time, the period following V.E.-Day.

The visit was arranged by the Staines Welfare Fund for Adopted Crews, and a considerable amount of time and work was put in by members to ensure that the submariners had an enjoyable stay in Staines.

The party arrived at Staines on Saturday afternoon, and were met by the Hon. Secretary of the Fund, Mr. N. Filsell, who was also present at the meal provided for the crew at the Railway Hotel. Here the men were officially welcomed by the Deputy Chairman of the Staines Urban Council, Mr. H. E. Purser, J.P., C.C.

He spoke of the achievements of the submarine in the Mediterranean, and of the pride with which the people of Staines had followed her movements during the war.

At the request of the Unshaken's crew, a football match had been arranged for the afternoon, between the ship's team and a local R.A.F. station, to take place at the recreation ground.

Although the sailors played well, the R.A.F. put up some strong opposition, and after being three clear goals up at half-time, ran out final winners by five goals to three.

In the evening, a dinner and dance was held at the Majestic Theatre Cafe, when the toast of "Unshaken" was given by County Alderman H. Fear, D.L., J.P., who presided.

Lieut. J. S. Pearce, R.N.R., commanding officer of Unshaken, replied, expressing the thanks of the ship's crew for the invitation, and saying how much they were all enjoying themselves.

Lunch the following day was provided at the local British Restaurant, and in the afternoon, Unshaken's crew took the place of honour in the Victory procession through the town.

Tea was also provided at the British Restaurant, and shortly after this the men of Unshaken left to resume their duties.

AT a recent investiture at Buckingham Palace, I met Lieut. Douglas Lambert, D.S.C. and bar, of H.M. Submarines Regent and Surf.

Lieut. Lambert won his Distinguished Service Cross for his part in the Regent's now famous exploit at Kotor, on the Adriatic coast of Yugoslavia, early in 1941.

The submarine penetrated two minefields and lay for nine hours in the Italian occupied port, in an attempt to rescue



Lt. Douglas Lambert, R.N., of "Regent" and "Surf", won the D.S.C. and Bar for two gallant Mediterranean exploits.

the British Minister, Mr. Ronald Campbell and his staff.

An Italian Army staff officer was embarked as a hostage while Lieut. Lambert went ashore in an attempt to find Mr. Campbell.

Meanwhile, Regent lay in the harbour flying her largest white ensign, and this situation continued for several hours while the submarine waited in the hope that Lieut. Lambert would find Mr. Campbell and bring him down to the port.

Nine hours after the submarine had entered the harbour, she was attacked by two Italian dive-bombers, and in the face of this attack, the commanding officer decided to withdraw from the harbour, taking the Italian officer with them, but leaving behind Lieut. Lambert.

This is the amazing drama of 26-year-old German agent Olga Bruder, who fell in love with a Russian spy and was arrested by him. "Beware of Such Women."

By C. N. DORAN.

Spy Caught Spy— They Fell in Love

BY a strange peculiarity the Germans, in the last war as in this, made one of their headquarters for spying operations in the city of Brussels. That is one of the remarkable features of German espionage—they go by rule and rote.

It was from Brussels that Therese Prevost set out on her adventurous career; and it was from Brussels that little Olga Bruder started her tricks.

I am giving away no secret in saying that even before the wars the Secret Service Bureau in Brussels did a big business.

It was run on semi-private lines, and it sold its information on very expensive terms.

Olga had been "around" Europe before she offered herself to the German authorities; she had been something of an actress in a small way in Vienna and in Prague.

She was about 26 years of age when she landed in Berlin, and was introduced (by letter) to the German school for female spies.

She passed her tests without any trouble, and was given small parts at first. One of these was to pay a visit to the Fifth of Forth and to the Clyde and gain information about the shipbuilding. She returned to Germany and was then sent on the big job that was to mark her career as a spy.

GENEVA JUNCTION.

That job was to find out all she could about a Russian fortress on the eastern frontier of Germany. She was given plenty of money, and her reports were to be sent to Geneva, and from there the sub-agent carried them to Berlin.

Olga spoke French, German, English and Russian. She had been the mistress of a Rumanian, who was supposed to be a theatrical agent, but was really a spy for Germany; but she had assured her new em-

ployers that that incident in her life was closed. She no longer loved anyone.

In November, 1914, she arrived at the Russian frontier, got through to Warsaw, and from there went to Brest Litovsk. The fortress she was to examine was not far from the city, and Olga was at a theatre one evening when she happened to sit next to a good-looking man.

They got into conversation, and Olga spun the usual tale of being a seamstress looking for a job.

The good-looking man seemed interested in her, for Olga was herself good-looking, and he promised to aid her as much as he could. He had a friend who employed seamstresses. This friend was a garment-maker for big firms, and had Government contracts.

Olga got her job and worked at the factory, but in the evenings she generally met her benefactor, whose name was Rossique. They walked often near the fortress, and Olga noted that one evening, when a sentry stopped them, Rossique pulled out a pass and the sentry saluted and let them pass.

It was Olga's method to send her information sometimes by code to Geneva, sometimes by messages written in invisible ink on the white linings of a garment she was making "as a present for a friend."

The friend lived in Memel; and the friend, of course, was an agent of Germany who forwarded her information.

Another of her tricks was to sew into her own coat linings and neck-bands such information as was too dangerous to trust to a parcel. She had other methods too. She used to write letters to "a brother" in Memel, being orders for certain goods to be sent to "a mother" in Geneva.

One of these letters stated that "after an hour's walk to see whether I could get any food for you" resulted in a request for a pound of cinnamon of average quality, two lbs. of lemons of ordinary size, and fifty ditto, also average size. These, said the letter, were being stored near the river "ready for shipping."

What that letter meant was that the cinnamon (fortress) had about six big guns (allowing six lemons to the two lbs.) and fifty smaller guns, and that the fortress was on the river ready for action.

During the time Olga had been gathering this information she had been almost constantly in the company of Rossique.

Friendship had ripened into affection between the two, and affection into love. Olga was so much in love that she intended to give up the job of spying and marry Rossique. They had talked about this, and both were very much attached to each other.

And then the bomb exploded. One evening Rossique came to see Olga. His face was very grave. He handed her one of her letters which had been stopped by the censors. He told her that he had come for an explanation.

SPIES IN LOVE.

All this came out at her trial. Poor Olga wept bitterly. She confessed that she was a spy; she pleaded with her lover to forgive her. She would do anything to prove her devotion to him.

And the second bomb exploded then. Rossique confessed to her that he too was an agent—but he was an agent for Russia! It had been his duty to get into touch with her and reveal her activities.

He had been ordered to take her to Brest Litovsk as a prisoner.

Was there ever such a tragedy—two spies in love with each other, and one the other's prisoner of war!

On the way, however, Rossique gave Olga the opportunity to escape. She managed to get back to Berlin with some information which she had sewn into the bodice of her dress. It was her hope that she would return to marry Rossique; but she never left Berlin.

She was found one morning in her apartment near the Hotel Adlon—dead. The official explanation was that she had poisoned herself.

The real explanation—admitted later in official reports by Colonel Nicolai, chief of the military intelligence department—was that Olga Bruder was considered to have compromised her usefulness by disobeying orders and falling in love. So she was "eliminated" in the interests of the State.

That Boiled Chicken Can't be More Than 14 years old, Sailor

IT'S staggering to think there may be a whale swimming about somewhere that was alive before Columbus discovered America, and was already over a hundred years old when the Spanish Armada sailed up the English Channel. Yet it's quite possible. Whales are known to live up to 500 years.

Being whales, they are not much use to the historian; indeed, they are exasperating to him. Think of all the tales a whale might tell, if whales could tell tales.

Tortoises are the next longest-livers. They go on and on and on for between 300 and 400 years. It must be very slow for them at the pace they rocket about at, and, according

to biologists, they don't have much fun. Crocodiles sometimes touch the 300-years mark—which may explain why they yawn so frequently. Elephants often score a century.

Longest-living birds are the eagle, the swan, and the crow—they all have a chance to live a hundred years.

It all makes our lifetime chances look small, but we have a pull over lots of other creatures.

Heron, parrots, pelicans and geese can only get to between 50 and 60. The toad, the lion, the camel and the sparrow curl up after forty years, at the most. Horses live as long as 27; cows and pigs to 25. The skylark can go on to 30; the peacock, canary and crane to 24.

Pigeons may live twenty years—which explains some of the tough old birds you get, sometimes, to eke out the meat ration.

to biologists, they don't have much fun.

Crocodiles sometimes touch the 300-years mark—which may explain why they yawn so frequently. Elephants often score a century.

Longest-living birds are the eagle, the swan, and the crow—they all have a chance to live a hundred years.

It all makes our lifetime chances look small, but we have a pull over lots of other creatures.

Heron, parrots, pelicans and geese can only get to between 50 and 60.

The toad, the lion, the camel and the sparrow curl up after forty years, at the most. Horses live as long as 27; cows and pigs to 25. The skylark can go on to 30; the peacock, canary and crane to 24.

Pigeons may live twenty years—which explains some of the tough old birds you get, sometimes, to eke out the meat ration.

If you have boiled chicken, you can be sure that it is not more than fourteen years old.

Goats butt about for maybe fifteen years—the same stretch of life possible to a dog and a pheasant. Cats get thirteen years at the most.

I am glad the nightingale can pour out its lovely song for eighteen seasons. But I commiserate with the wren for having but three short years in which to hop from tree to tree.

At that, the rabbit gets only five years—but, oh! what a life it has!

Raspberries are our favourite fruit.

So write and tell us what you really think about "GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—
"Good Morning"
c/o Dept. of C. N. I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

"Booze" and the Remedy

OFF we went, rowing for all we were worth. Besides the harpoon gun I had a brand-new lance ready for the final thrust after the whale was winded, and I laid it down on the boat to be handy. We reached the spot, and I noticed that there were one or two cows beside the bull. They did not hear our coming until we were pretty near.

Then the bull broached, throwing himself to one side as a signal to the cows to go in that direction.

They sounded, and I motioned to the steerer to keep to windward so that we would be in close touch when they came up. They came up fine, especially the bull. I let him pass on the port side, and then we roared out for the men to stop the hauling line and stand by to stern all as soon as I had sent the harpoon and the lance at him.

It was a big whale, a regular horse, worth several hundred pounds sterling in blubber.

I waited for a minute until I saw the spot to land the harpoon—not far back, where the stringy meat is, but right in the mass of blubber at the shoulder. Then I heaved.

It was a good throw. I saw the harpoon bury itself in the back hide; and then the bull stood on his head and threw his flukes into the air and sounded like a stone.

"Stern all!"

Back we piled while the line ran out at the bows. The whale went down thirty fathoms and we hauled the slack in fast and I reached for the lance; but before I could get it a hand was thrust past me and the lance was lifted and in one stroke cut through the line.

The severed end fell into the boat and I turned to face Backer, who had done the trick.

I heard the whale rise again and there came the "who-ssh" of his blowing, followed by the mighty slap of his flukes on the sea.

A wave banged against the boat and over I went into the water. I was pulled aboard; and away across the sea went the whale with my harpoon sticking in him—a couple of hundred barrels of blubber thrown away!

I looked towards the ship. The blue flag was wagging at the truck. That was the signal for the boats to return.

"Back to the ship," I said as calmly as I could. "Pull!" We were hoisted up. Old Ocean was waiting for us. His hands were in his pockets, and as I stepped forward to give my reason for losing the whale, he waved me aside.

"I saw through the glasses what happened. Where's Backer?"

Backer was pushed forward. For a full half-minute the two faced each other.

Then Old Ocean spoke. "You did it to get square, didn't you?"

"I did. And I'll do all I can it there. He's planked it some- to upset your cruise," retorted where. We'll see when we land him in Kotzebue Sound. He'll stay with the Eskimo shore as most of the crew."

Old Ocean nodded slowly. "We're going to Kotzebue Sound," he said. "You'll stay there until we get whales. Bosun, make all sail. That's well."

There was no flurry, no fuss. The crew had expected Backer to be put in irons. I had expected him to be manhandled.

Old Ocean sent the crew forward and took me aft.

"Was he sober?" he asked. "Sober as a judge," I said. "He hasn't had a smell of liquor about him since we put him forward."

"That's mighty strange," said Old Ocean.

"What is?" "You remember the bottle of smuggler's dope I took from his coat? I had it in the charthouse on a locker. It disappeared a week ago. Now, if Backer took it..."

"Why not search his kit, sir?" "No good. He wouldn't have

time in Brazil behind or ahead of Greenwich time?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Shakespeare, Milton, Chaucer, Handel, Wordsworth, Tennyson.

Answers to Quiz in No. 727

1. What is the difference between emulate and imitate?
2. For what do the letters P.S.A. stand?
3. What does "hurst" mean in town-names like Midhurst?
4. What is the shortest verse in the Bible?
5. By how many hours is

1. Imminent means about to occur; eminent means famous.
2. Port of London Authority.
3. Home.
4. 39.
5. 5½ hours ahead.
6. Scruple is a weight; others are measures.

QUIZ for today



People are Queer

WHAT wouldn't you give to be at the Victoria Club the day before Derby Day! Victoria Club?—why, that's the place where there are more bookies to the square foot than in any other place in the world: the very centre of betting.

Well, Mrs. Elsie Angel has been there—the only woman allowed contact with the members—for the past four and a half years. As stewardess, she has heard them talk betting, horses, prices, runners and non-runners, and, altogether, has probably had more "information" on the likely outcome of the big races than anyone not in the "ring."

And she has never placed a bet. Years ago she discovered that raffle tickets were just donations; that sweepstakes are just giving someone else a wad of dough; that, in short, she doesn't have the luck. So she is not interested.

Perhaps that's why she likes bookies. She finds them generous, good-hearted and kind. Well, isn't that what we all think?

SHORTLY after VE-Day all London's air-raid shelters went into liquidation—all except one. If it, too, had closed, Arthur would probably have to book an open-air room on the Embankment, of nights.

You see, Arthur and about a hundred other gentlemen—the number varies a good bit—got used to seeking an umbrella from the bombs and general unpleasantness in a poor man's shelter in vaults beneath Charing Cross Station.

There they were able to light fires from little bits of wood they picked up in the streets and boil a billycan of tea over the sticks.

Now the down-and-outs' shelter is known as the Hungerford Club, and has been continued as a home for the men who forgot to draw trumps.

You can see Arthur—a crumpled trilby on his head, a knotted scarf round his neck, someone else's trousers, and a smile on his worn old face—trotting along there almost any evening.

FOLKESTONE people got a lovely catch of fish the other day. "Whitebait!" cried an old mariner (or maybe it was an old submariner), leaning over the quay. "Whitebait!" yelled every other old mariner (or submariner) within hailing distance, as they tucked up their trousers and ran for baskets.

Before long, half Folkestone was on the beach, shovelling up whitebait as fast as they could go.

Mackerel had chased the little fish ashore, and in the heat of the moment many of the mackerel got laid high and dry on the sands.

D.N.K.B.

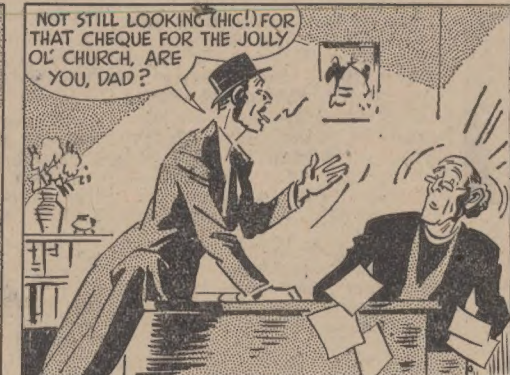
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



"Howdy, Mr. Barrat. Howdy, Miss Barrat. Skipper, you'll oblige me by handing over that rum bottle. I want it. I mean the one you took from my pocket the night you shanghaied me. I won't drink it, I assure you."

Old Ocean looked sharply at him; and Barrat and the elder Backer and Miss Barrat were all about to start talking at once, but Hugh held up his hand.

"Wait," he said. "I'll do the talking—when I get my bottle. Hurry, skipper."

Old Ocean slipped into the chart house and brought out the bottle, which he handed over gingerly.

"You're going to show us that you're cured, aren't you?" he said. "Maybe I was a bit drastic, but it was for your good, yours and—"

Backer took the bottle and put it under his arm.

"If you'd thrown this away, skipper," he said, "I'd never have forgiven you. It's my time to talk now. I thought it all out, up there with the Eskimo. Old Ocean, this is your cure not mine."

"What's that?"

"I say it's your cure. I see where the mistake occurred. I was deputed by the State to make a chemical investigation of the smugglers' liquor and analyse it. And at the same time I was working out a theory of my own on the dope which made it necessary for me to have lots of the stuff. I came here to finish my work. No wonder I smelled of liquor. A man can't live with it all day and night as I did, and spill it all day without carrying the perfume."

"I didn't tell you before because the whole thing was secret. The State was hoping to raid the premises of the makers and my analysis was to be chief evidence—"

"For the love of Mike!" (Continued on Page 3)

Concluding the Skipper's romance, OLD OCEAN'S CURE

He stayed alone with the carcasses we floated in and brought us reports of the movements of whales from the north.

If that didn't cure Backer of his drink habit nothing would.

We made the sound in a few days and signalled the Eskimo. His tent was on the edge of a wind-swept hill. Backer was put into a boat with the kit he had been given and was rowed ashore. I was in the boat. I obeyed orders. I told the Eskimo about him in his lingo, and then I searched his kit for the bottle I felt he would have.

I found it, buried in his pack. I took it away and handed it to the skipper when I got back to the ship. He just nodded and put it back in the chart room. Then we sailed.

We were away for about five months. We had filled our barrels by the time we put into Kotzebue Sound again. The Eskimo was there and so was Backer; but

it was a changed Backer. He was lean and tanned and hard as iron. He had come out with us a shrimp of a man, and now he was as firm as most of the crew.

His face glowed with health and his hesitating manner of speech was gone. The cold, clear air had done that.

I went ashore and had a talk with the Eskimo. Backer didn't seem to mind anything. He remained outside the tent until I told him to get ready to return. We rowed him aboard, and, having fixed the Eskimo for his scout work, we sailed at once.

Old Ocean listened to what I had to report as we left the Sound and headed south.

We had a good run home. The station at the outer bar of the Golden Gate signalled us as we passed and we held on slowly until we went through the channel and up to the Barrat wharf.

It took us several hours to do that among the shipping, and by the time we were berthed there was a big automobile scudding across the quay towards us. The owner and his daughter were in it, and with them was another man I didn't recognise.

We met them on deck and Barrat's first words were charged with anxiety.

"Captain, what about Hugh Backer? I brought his father down. I got the note you left at his rooms and tried to get into touch with you—"

"Oh, that's all right, sir," said Old Ocean. "I guess he's cured now. There he is, just coming up on deck."

Backer came forward. He was still wearing his rough sea clothes.

"Hullo, Dad," he said.

Wangling Words No. 667

- 1. Behead a hut and get a gash.
- 2. Insert the same letter five times and make sense of: entionetoyoureberofParliaent.
- 3. Write "need" in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines.
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: I examined the coal, but could not — any

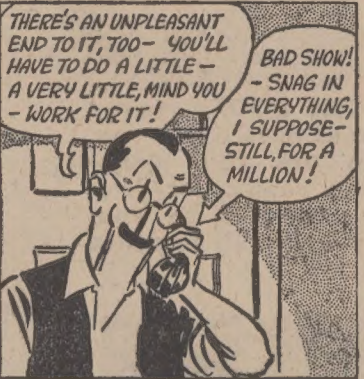
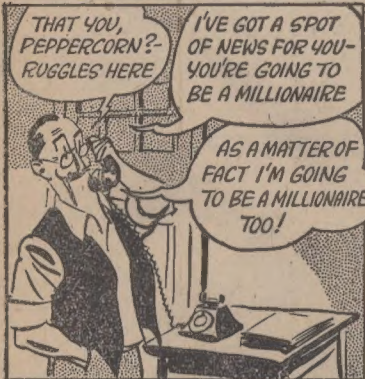
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 666

- 1. C-hives.
- 2. Get the true time from the chronometer.
- 3. FETE.
- 4. Docile, coiled.

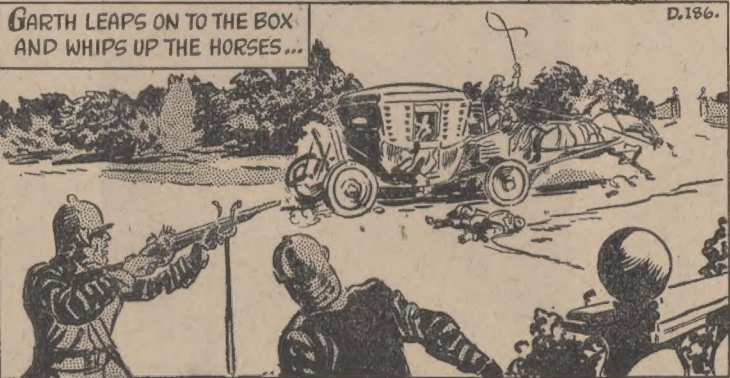
JANE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



PUZZLE CORNER

When you have filled in the answers to the clues given, you will find the centre column down gives you what we hope you find at least some features of "Good Morning."

1.									
2.									
3.									
4.									
5.									
6.									
7.									

- 1. Track followed by the hunter.
- 2. A citrus fruit.
- 3. A small rodent.
- 4. A covetous person.
- 5. Small glass vessel or bottle.
- 6. A cooking-stove.
- 7. A bet.

(Solution to-morrow.)

Solution to Puzzle in No. 727.

- 1. j e W e l
- 2. c h E s t
- 3. l e D g e
- 4. s i D l e
- 5. e r I s p
- 6. d o N o r
- 7. p a G a n

ALEX CRACK

Heard about the doughboy being shown round one of London's famous buildings? "Debates have been held here for more than 300 years," said the guide. "Anything decided yet?" asked the Yank.



"That was to launch the ship with... not drink."

VERY HOT AIR

THE Spitfire XIV, world's best fighter in operational use at the present moment, is now busy getting used to conditions in the Pacific.

Although its comparatively short range will preclude its use for escort duties and offensive patrols, the MK XIV will be worth its weight in diamonds as a defensive interceptor fighter against those new 420 m.p.h. Jap babies. To the MK XIV, 420 is only a cruising speed!

FOR home defence only, the Japs are using a new reaction-drive night fighter. B-29 pilots of the "Tokyo service" say the plane possesses the usual characteristics of high speed and terrific rate of climb.

This, the first Jap jet job, can't stay up long due to heavy fuel consumption, but improvements must be expected.

IT has been stated that the R.A.F. Air/Sea Rescue Service, which during the war saved the lives of 10,000 airmen, is to be continued after the war, working in co-operation with the Coastguard and National Lifeboat Services.

P. V.

"This washing business is getting out of hand. Look at this."
"Nothing wrong with that lace."
"Lace nothing. It's my K.D. shirt."

CROSS-WORD CORNER

HISS GAMBIT
ENNUI DIANA
ADAM VANDAL
RIPPLE GENE
TAP ORAL E
YOUNGER G
C B R I E
SORE EDIBLE
PLAYER RULE
ANGEL OAKEN
NEEDLE KEYS

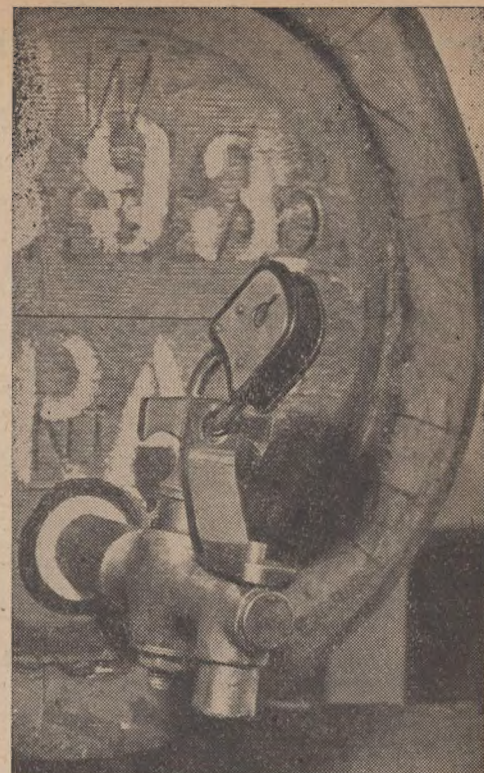
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
	10								
11						12			13
14			15		16			17	
18		19		20			21		
22						23			
24				25	26		27		
28			29			30		31	
32		33				34		35	
	36								
37						38			

CLUES ACROSS.—1 Reasoning. 6 Spar. 10 Levee. 14 Adjutant-General. 15 Sword. 17 Of. 18 Metal. 20 Doubled. 21 Energy. 22 Jagged projection. 23 Rage. 24 Soft food. 25 Big marble. 27 Nothing. 28 Close to. 29 Drink. 31 Direction. 32 Lady. 34 Otherwise. 36 Unattractive. 37 Flower. 38 Europeans.

CLUES DOWN.—2 Starters. 3 Procure. 4 Refreshments. 5 Tree. 6 Severe. 7 Heap. 8 Eggs. 9 Involve in accusation. 11 Dupe. 13 Fanes. 16 Trite. 19 Pile. 21 Vehicle. 25 Musical adjuster. 26 District in S. England. 29 Jest. 30 Excuse. 33 Encountered. 35 Lodging house.



IN A WESTMORLAND DALE.
This picture of a typical Lakeland farmstead was taken looking westwards to the head of Langdale. In the distance are the cloud-capped mountain peaks of Pike O'Blisco, Crinkle Crag, and Bowfell.



THE SADDEST PICTURE IN THE WORLD.

We have gazed at the picture of "Love Locked Out" without shedding a tear. But this sad, sad picture of "Beer Locked Up," has made us shed copious tears. "Boy, fetch us another handkerchief."



HERE COMES THE BOGEY-MAN !
"How many times have I told you, young lady, to use your handkerchief? If you hadn't got your brother keeping an eye on you, you'd never be presentable in polite society."



★ **THE TALE OF THREE BIRDS** ★
On your left, a pose by Constance Moore, entitled "Black Gloves." On your right, a pose by Olga San Juan, entitled "Black Lace," and above a pose by Hetty the Hen entitled "Black Bottom."



Pensive Constance Moore puts on her best "Come Hither" look for the benefit of youse guys. In spite of the gal's long skirts she manages to give her dimpled knees an airing, bless her.



"Come Hither" Olga San Juan shows her pensive knees and manages to give youse guys a view of her dimples as well. In spite of her lace trimmings she manages to exhibit her marbled back, bless her, too.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Ask Hetty how she lost her feathers"

